

ENGLISH POEMS



English Poems

I

*SELECTED, ARRANGED & ANNOTATED FOR THE
USE OF SCHOOLS BY*

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PREFACE.

THE arrangement of the following poems is based upon the belief that poetry appeals to, exercises, and strengthens the best feelings of the human heart. Indeed, poetry may be defined as the fit expression of fit emotion. This does not preclude its being intensely intellectual, as the noblest emotion follows on and is a result of the profoundest thought, and there is no right emotion that does not arise from a truthful view of things. To be a poet a man must see clearly, as well as feel deeply; and be able to express his feelings in such a way that kindred emotions rise in the hearts of others. Imagination—as distinguished from fancy—is an essential characteristic of poetry, and imagination, after all, is nothing but an insight into the truth—which no man knows fully, yet some know far less imperfectly than others. If this view is correct, science is not, as is maintained with painful frequency, inimical to poetry, but essential to its existence; the former, with its logical method, supplying the knowledge of truth, without which there can be neither poetry nor anything else that is excellent among men. In education they are complementary to each other, the one training the reasoning side and the other the emotional side of our nature. A man should not only learn all of the truth

that he can, but feel its beauty ; whilst, on the other hand, feeling based on ignorance is either feeble or dangerous. The Notes are as brief and simple as I could make them. No attempt has been made to supply philological or critical information, but their aim is merely to render the text readily intelligible to young people. Most young readers are discouraged somewhat easily—and very naturally, as it seems to me—by the difficulties of English poetry, and I cannot say that in my opinion the best way to make them appreciate it is to leave them alone with the poets. The poets are in the end “their own best interpreters,” but they are foreigners in the view of most young people and often frighten them away. A careful rendering of some of their phrases into the language of ordinary thought may reveal just enough of the incalculable beauties of their minds to attract for life those who might otherwise have maligned and reviled them. Some half dozen poems have been included which contain a few lines of a difficulty above the standard proposed for this collection, though otherwise, in my opinion, suitable. In such cases I have put notes at the foot of the page, where reference to them may be readily made. The rest of the notes have been placed at the end of the book. After preparing a poem with their aid a class, I think, should be able to show, in response to questions, a real grasp of its meaning.

I am especially indebted to the anthologies of Messrs. F. T. Palgrave, C. M. Vaughan, Mowbray Morris, and G. Cookson, all published by Messrs. Macmillan & Co., and to those of Canon H. C. Beeching, published by Messrs. Rivington, Percival & Co., of Mr. W. E. Henley, published by Mr. David Nutt and by Messrs. Methuen & Co., and of Mr. A. T. Quiller-Couch, published by the

Clarendon Press. Without the advantage of reference to these the labour of making the following Selections would have been incalculably increased. My thanks are also due and are here gratefully tendered to Mr. George Meredith, who allows me to include "The Young Usurper" (52), and to Sir Rennell Rodd, K.C.M.G., for permission to use "The Skylarks" (66); also to Messrs. Macmillan & Co., who have kindly permitted me to include much copyright matter which they control.

J. G. JENNINGS.

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SECTION I.

HOME.

1.

THE TRAVELLER'S RETURN.

SWEET to the morning traveller
The song amid the sky,
Where, twinkling in the dewy light,
The skylark soars on high.

And cheering to the traveller 5
The gales that round him play,
When faint and heavily he drags
Along his noontide way.

And when beneath the unclouded sun
Full wearily toils he, 10
The flowing water makes to him
A soothing melody.

And when the evening light decays,
And all is calm around,
There is sweet music to his ear 15
In the distant sheep-bell's sound.

A

But O ! of all delightful sounds
 Of evening or of morn,
The sweetest is the voice of love
 That welcomes his return.

R. SOUTHEY.

2

HOME, SWEET HOME.

'MID pleasures and palaces though we may roam,
Be it ever so humble, there's no place like home !
A charm from the skies seems to hallow us there,
Which, seek thro' the world, is ne'er met with elsewhere.

Home ! home ! sweet, sweet home !
There's no place like home !
There's no place like home !

An exile from home splendour dazzles in vain,
Oh ! give me my lowly thatch'd cottage again !
The birds singing gaily that came at my call,
Give me them, with the peace of mind dearer than all. 10

Home ! home ! sweet, sweet home
There's no place like home !
There's no place like home !

J. HOWARD PAYNE.

3.

SWEET AND LOW.

SWEET and low, sweet and low,
Wind of the western sea,
Low, low, breathe and blow,
Wind of the western sea !

Over the rolling waters go, 5
 Come from the dying moon, and blow,
 Blow him again to me ;
 While my little one, while my pretty one, sleeps.

Sleep and rest, sleep and rest,
 Father will come to thee soon ; 10
 Rest, rest, on mother's breast,
 Father will come to thee soon ;
 Father will come to his babe in the nest,
 Silver sails all out of the west
 Under the silver moon : 15
 Sleep, my little one, sleep, my pretty one, sleep.

TENNYSON.

4.

THE GRAVES OF A HOUSEHOLD.

THEY grew in beauty, side by side,
 They filled one home with glee—
 Their graves are severed far and wide,
 By mount, and stream, and sea.

The same fond mother bent at night 5
 O'er each fair sleeping brow ;
 She had each folded flower in sight—
 Where are those dreamers now ?

One 'midst the forests of the West,
 By a dark stream is laid— 10
 The Indian knows his place of rest,
 Far in the cedar-shade.

The sea, the blue lone sea, hath one—

He lies where pearls lie deep ;
He was the loved of all, yet none
O'er his low bed may weep.

15

One sleeps where southern vines are dressed

Above the noble slain ;
He wrapt his colours round his breast,
On a blood-red field of Spain.

20

And one—o'er her the myrtle showers

Its leaves, by soft winds fanned ;
She faded, 'midst Italian flowers—
The last of that bright band.

And parted thus they rest, who played

Beneath the same green tree ;
Whose voices mingled as they prayed
Around one parent knee !

25

They that with smiles lit up the hall,

And cheered with song the hearth—

30

Alas for love ! if *thou* wert all,

And nough beyond, O Earth !

FELICIA HEMANS.

5.

A LEGEND.

IT was upon a Lammas night
Two brothers woke and said,
As each upon the other's weal
Bethought him on his bed ;

The elder spake unto his wife,
 " Our brother dwells alone ;
 No little babes to cheer his life,
 And helpmate hath he none ;

'Up will I get and of my heap
 A sheaf bestow or twain,
 The while our Ahmed lies asleep,
 And wots not of the gain.'

So up he got and did address
 Himself with loving heed,
 Before the dawning of the day,
 To do that gracious deed.

Now to the younger, all unsought,
 The same kind fancy came !
 Nor wist they of each other's thought,
 Though movèd to the same.

"Abdullah he hath wife," quoth he,
 " And little babes also ;
 What would be slender boot to me
 Would make his heart o'erflow ;

"Up will I get, and of my heap
 A sheaf bestow or twain,
 The while he sweetly lies asleep,
 And wots not of the gain."

So up he got and did address
 Himself with loving heed,
 Before the dawning of the day,
 To mate his brother's deed !

Thus played they oft their gracious parts,
And marvelled oft to view
Their sheaves still equal ; for their hearts 35
In love were equal too.

One morn they met, and, wondering, stood
To see by clear daylight
How each upon the other's good
Bethought him in the night. 40

So when this tale to him was brought,
The Caliph did decree,
Where twain had thought the same good thought,
There Allah's house should be.

C. TENNYSON-TURNER.

SECTION II.

BEASTS, FLOWERS, AND BIRDS.

6.

TO A SPANIEL ON HIS KILLING A YOUNG BIRD.

“A SPANIEL, Beau, that fares like you,
Well fed, and at his ease,
Should wiser be than to pursue
Each trifle that he sees.

“But you have kill’d a tiny bird, 5
Which flew not till to-day,
Against my orders, whom you heard
Forbidding you the prey.

“Nor did you kill that you might eat,
And ease a doggish pain, 10
For him, though chased with furious heat
You left where he was slain.

“Nor was he of the thievish sort,
Or one whom blood allures,
But innocent was all his sport 15
Whom you have torn for yours.

“ My dog ! what remedy remains,
 Since, teach you all I can,
 I see you after all my pains
 So much resemble man ? ”—

20

“ Sir, when I flew to seize the bird
 In spite of your command,
 A louder voice than yours I heard,
 And harder to withstand.

“ You cried —forbear !—but in my breast
 A mightier cried—proceed !
 ’Twas Nature, Sir, whose strong behest
 Impell’d me to the deed.

25

“ Yet, much as Nature I respect,
 I ventured once to break
 (As you, perhaps, may recollect)
 Her precept for your sake ;

30

“ And when your linnet, on a day,
 Passing his prison door,
 Had flutter’d all his strength away,
 And, panting, press’d the floor ;

35

“ Well knowing him a sacred thing,
 Not destined to my tooth,
 I only kiss’d his ruffled wing,
 And lick’d the feathers smooth.

40

“ Let my obedience then excuse
 My disobedience now,
 Nor some reproof yourself refuse
 From your aggrieved Bow-wow :

If killing birds be such a crime
 (Which I can hardly see),

45

What think you, Sir, of *killing time*,
With verse addressed to me?"

W. COWPER.

7.

THE DAFFODILS.

I WANDERED lonely as a cloud
That floats on high o'er vales and hills,
When all at once I saw a crowd,
A host, of golden Daffodils ;
Beside the lake, beneath the trees,
Fluttering and dancing in the breeze.

5

Continuous as the stars that shine
And twinkle in the Milky Way,
They stretched in never-ending line
Along the margin of a bay :
Ten thousand saw I at a glance,
Tossing their heads in sprightly dance.

10

The waves beside them danced, but they
Out-did the sparkling waves in glee :—
A poet could not but be gay,
In such a jocund company :
I gazed—and gazed—but little thought
What wealth the show to me had brought.

15

For oft when on my couch I lie
In vacant or in pensive mood,
They flash upon that inward eye
Which is the bliss of solitude ;
And then my heart with pleasure fills,
~~— And dances with the Daffodils.~~

20

WORDSWORTH.

8.

TO THE CUCKOO.

HAIL, beauteous stranger of the grove !

Thou messenger of spring !

Now Heaven repairs thy rural seat,

And woods thy welcome sing.

What time the daisy decks the green,

5

Thy certain voice we hear ;

Hast thou a star to guide thy path,

Or mark the rolling year ?

Delightful visitant, with thee

10

I hail the time of flowers,

And hear the sound of music sweet

From birds among the bowers.

The schoolboy wandering through the wood

To pull the primrose gay,

Starts the new voice of spring to hear,

15

And imitates thy lay.

What time the pea puts on the bloom

Thou fiest thy vocal vale,

An annual guest in other lands,

Another spring to hail.

20

Sweet bird ! thy bower is ever green,

Thy sky is ever clear ;

Thou hast no sorrow in thy song,

No winter in thy year !

O could I fly, I'd fly with thee !

25

We'd make, with joyful wing,

Our annual visit o'er the globe,

Companions of the spring.

MICHAEL BRUCE.

9.

THE STORMY PETREL.

WHEN fierce along his ocean-path
The north wind rushes in his wrath,
And down the vast, insatiate wave
The great ship shudders to her grave,
Whence is it that thy tiny form
Exults, and challenges the storm ?

5

Oh, not for thee the bloom-sweet gales
Of orchards ; or in thymy vales
The bee's low hum :—the rush and roar
Of breakers on some savage shore,
Or organ-winds through sea-caves blown,
Are harmonies for thee alone !

10

Man's argosies are swept to naught ;
Yet o'er the havoc, tempest-wrought,
Companion of the wandering sea—
Tumult and Death but toy with thee,
And cheer thee in thy lonely flight,
Making our horror thy delight !

15

Oh, would, strange bird, I too could sweep
Unharmed along life's angry deep,
Nor heed the lowering clouds that roll
And darken round the struggling soul—
Like thee could soar, and breast, elate,
The mists of doubt, the storms of fate.

20

H. S. CORNWELL.

10.

TO A WATERFOWL.

WHITHER, 'midst falling dew,
 While glow the heavens with the last steps of day,
 Far through their rosy depths, dost thou pursue
 Thy solitary way ?

Vainly the fowler's eye
 Might mark thy distant flight to do thee wrong,
 As, darkly painted on the crimson sky,
 Thy figure floats along.

Seek'st thou the plashy brink
 Of weedy lake, or marge of river wide,
 Or where the rocking billows rise and sink
 On the chafed ocean side ?

There is a power whose care
 Teaches thy way along that pathless coast,—
 The desert and illimitable air,—
 Lone wandering, but not lost.

All day thy wings have fann'd,
 At that far height, the cold, thin atmosphere ;
 Yet stoop not, weary, to the welcome land,
 Though the dark night is near.

And soon that toil shall end ;
 Soon shalt thou find a summer home, and rest
 And scream among thy fellows ; reeds shall bend
 Soon o'er thy shelter'd nest.

10

15

20

Thou'rt gone—the abyss of heaven
Hath swallow'd up thy form—yet on my heart
Deeply hath sunk the lesson thou hast given,
And shall not soon depart.

25

He, who from zone to zone
Guides through the boundless sky thy certain flight, 30
In the long way that I must tread alone,
Will lead my steps aright.

W. C. BRYANT.

SECTION III.

THE BEAUTY OF NATURE.

11.

UNDER THE GREENWOOD TREE.

UNDER the greenwood tree
Who loves to lie with me,
And turn his merry note
Unto the sweet bird's throat,
Come hither, come hither, come hither ! 5
 Here shall he see
 No enemy,
But winter and rough weather.

 Who doth ambition shun
 And loves to lie in the sun, 10
 Seeking the food he eats,
 And pleased with what he gets,
Come hither, come hither, come hither !
 Here shall he see
 No enemy, 15
But winter and rough weather.

SHAKESPEARE.

12.

SPRING.

SPRING, the sweet Spring,
Is the year's pleasant king ;
Then blooms each thing,
Then maids dance in a ring,
Cold doth not sting,
The pretty birds do sing,
Cuckoo, jug-jug, pu-wé, to-witta-woo

251

The palm and may
Make country houses gay,
Lambs frisk and play, *jump about in play*
The shepherds pipe all day,
And we hear aye
Birds tune this merry lay,
Cuckoo, jug-jug, pu-wé, to-witta-woo

10

The fields breathe sweet,
The daisies kiss our feet,
Young lovers meet,
Old wives a-sunning sit,
In every street
These tunes our ears do greet,
Cuckoo, jug-jug, pu-wé, to witta-woo !
Spring ! the sweet Spring !

T. NASH,

13.

THE BROOK.

I COME from haunts of coot and hern,
 I make a sudden sally, *rush and*.
 And sparkle out among the fern,
 To bicker down a valley.

By thirty hills I hurry down
 Or slip between the ridges,
 By twenty thorpes, a little town,
 And half a hundred bridges,

Till last by Philip's farm I flow
 To join the brimming river ;
 For men may come and men may go.
 But I go on for ever.

I chatter over stony ways,
 In little sharps and trebles,
 I bubble into eddying bays,
 I babble on the pebbles.

With many a curve my banks I fret
 By many a field and fallow,
 And many a fairy foreland set
 With willow-weed and mallow.

I chatter, chatter as I flow
 To join the brimming river ;
 For men may come and men may ~~go~~ ;
 But I go on for ever.

5

10

15

20

- I wind about, and in and out, 25
 With here a blossom sailing,
 And here and there a lusty trout,
 And here and there a grayling,

 And here and there a foamy flake
 Upon me, as I travel 30
 With many a silvèry waterbreak
 Above the golden gravel ;

 And draw them all along, and flow
 To join the brimming river ; —
 For men may come and men may go, 35
 But I go on for ever.

 I steal by lawns and grassy plots,
 I slide by hazel covers ;
 I move the sweet forget-me-nots
 That grow for happy lovers. 40

 I slip, I slide, I gloom, I glance,
 Among my skimming swallows ;
 I make the netted sunbeam dance
 Against my sandy shallows.

 I murmur under moon and stars 45
 In brambly wildernesses ;
 I linger by my shingly bars ;
 I loiter round my cresses ;

 And out again I curve and flow
 To join the brimming river ; 50
 For men may come and men may go,
 But I go on for ever.

TENNYSON.

14.

TO SLEEP.

A FLOCK of sheep that leisurely pass by
 One after one ; the sound of rain, and bees
 Murmuring ; the fall of rivers, winds and seas ;
 Smooth fields, white sheets of water, and pure sky :
 I've thought of all by turns, and yet do lie 5
 Sleepless ; and soon the small birds' melodies
 Must hear, first utter'd from my orchard trees,
 And the first cuckoo's melancholy cry.

Even thus last night, and two nights more I lay,
 And could not win thee, Sleep, by any stealth : 10
 So do not let me wear to-night away :
 Without Thee what is all the morning's wealth ?
 Come, blessed barrier between day and day,
 Dear mother of fresh thoughts and joyous health !

WORDSWORTH.
—

15.

WINTER. ✓

WHEN icicles hang by the wall,
 And Dick the Shepherd blows his nail,
 And Tom bears logs into the hall,
 And milk comes frozen home in pail ;
 When blood is nipt, and ways be foul,
 Then nightly sings the staring owl
 “Tuwhoo !
 Tuwhit ! tuwhoo !” A merry note,
 While greasy Joan doth keel the pot.

When all around the wind doth blow, 10
And coughing drowns the parson's saw,
And birds sit brooding in the snow,
And Marian's nose looks red and raw,
When roasted crabs hiss in the bowl,
Then nightly sings the staring owl 15
 “Tuwhoo !
Tuwhit ! tuwhoo !” A merry note,
While greasy Joan doth keel the pot.

SHAKESPEARE.

SECTION IV.

TENDERNESS FOR THE WEAK AND AFFLICTED, AND THE SENSE OF HUMAN FELLOWSHIP.

16.

ON A GOLDFINCH STARVED TO DEATH IN HIS CAGE.

TIME was when I was free as air,
The thistle's downy seed my fare,
 My drink the morning dew ;
I perched at will on every spray,
My form genteel, my plumage gay, 5
 My strains for ever new.

But gaudy plumage, sprightly strain,
And form genteel, were all in vain,
 And of a transient date ;
For caught and caged, and starved to death, 10
In dying sighs my little breath
 Soon passed the wiry grate.

Thanks, gentle swain, for all my woes,
And thanks for this effectual close,
 And cure of every ill !
More cruelty could none express ;
And I, if you had shown me less,
 Had been your prisoner still.

15

W. COWPER.

17.

THE WORM.

TURN, turn thy hasty foot aside,
Nor crush that helpless worm !
The frame thy wayward looks deride ~~mock~~.
Required a God to form.

The common Lord of all that move,
From whom thy being flow'd,
A portion of His boundless love
On that poor worm bestow'd.

The sun, the moon, the stars, He made
For all His creatures free ;
And spread o'er earth the grassy blade,
For worms as well as thee. 10

Let them enjoy their little day,
Their humble bliss receive ;
O ! do not lightly take away
The life thou canst not give !

T. GISBORNE.

18.

WHEN lovely woman stoops to folly
 And finds too late that men betray,
 What charm can soothe her melancholy,
 What art can wash her guilt away ?

The only art her guilt to cover,
 To hide her shame from every eye,
 To give repentance to her lover
 And wring his bosom is—to die.

5

OLIVER GOLDSMITH.

19.

GOD'S GIFTS.

God gave a gift to Earth :—a child,
 Weak, innocent, and undefiled,
 Opened its ignorant eyes and smiled.

It lay so helpless, so forlorn,
 Earth took it coldly and in scorn,
 Cursing the day when it was born.

5

She gave it first a tarnished name
 For heritage, a tainted fame,
 Then cradled it in want and shame.

All influence of good or right,
 All ray of God's most holy light,
 She curtained closely from its sight ;

Then turned her heart, her eyes, away,
 Ready to look again, the day
 Its little feet began to stray.

15

In dens of guilt the baby played,
Where sin, and sin alone was made,
The law that all around obeyed.

With ready and obedient care
He learnt the tasks they taught him there ; 20
Black sin for lesson—oaths for prayer.

The Earth arose, and, in her might,
To vindicate her injured right,
Thrust him in deeper depths of night ;

Branding him with a deeper brand 25
Of shame, he could not understand,
The felon outcast of the land.

God gave a gift to Earth :---a child,
Weak, innocent, and undefiled,
Opened its ignorant eyes and smiled. 30

And Earth received the gift, and cried
Her joy and triumph far and wide,
Till echo answered to her pride.

She blest the hour when first he came
To take the crown of pride and fame, 35
Wreathed through long ages for his name ;

Then bent her utmost art and skill,
To train the supple mind and will,
And guard it from a breath of ill.

She strewed his morning path with flowers, 40
And Love, in tender dropping showers,
Nourished the blue and dawning hours.

She shed, in rainbow hues of light,
A halo round the good and right,
To tempt and charm the baby's sight. 45

And every step, of work or play,
Was lit by some such dazzling ray,
Till morning brightened into day.

And then the World arose, and said—
“Let added honours now be shed 50
On such a noble heart and head !”

—O World, both gifts were pure and bright,
Holy and sacred in God’s sight :—
God will judge them and thee aright !

ADELAIDE A. PROCTER.

20.

ABOU BEN ADHEM AND THE ANGEL.

ABOU BEN ADHEM (may his tribe increase)
Awoke one night from a deep dream of peace
And saw, within the moonlight in his room,
Making it rich and like a lily in bloom,
An angel writing in a book of gold :— 5
Exceeding peace had made Ben Adhem bold,
And to the presence in the room he said,
“What writest thou ?”—The vision raised its head,
And with a look made of all sweet accord
Answered, “The names of those who love the Lord.” 10
“And is mine one ?” said Abou. “Nay, not so,”
Replied the Angel. Abou spoke more low,
But cheerly still, and said, “I pray thee then,
Write me as one that loves his fellow-men.”
The Angel wrote, and vanish’d. The next night 15
It came again with a great wakening light,
And show’d the names whom love of God had bless’d,
And lo ! Ben Adhem’s name led all the rest.

LEIGH HUNT.

SECTION V.

ROMANCE AND WONDER.

21.

HARK ! hark ! the lark at heaven's gate sings,
And Phoebus 'gins arise,
His steeds to water at those springs
On chaliced flowers that lies !

And winking May-buds begin
To ope their golden eyes ;
With everything that pretty bin—
My lady sweet, arise :
Arise, arise !

5

SHAKESPEARE.

22.

THE LADY OF SHALOTT.

I

ON either side the river lie
Long fields of barley and of rye,
That clothe the wold and meet the sky ;
And thro' the field the road runs by
To many-tower'd Camelot ;

5

And up and down the people go,
 Gazing where the lilies blow
 Round an island there below,
 The island of Shalott.

Willows whiten, aspens quiver,
 Little breezes dusk and shiver
 Thro' the wave that runs for ever
 By the island in the river
 Flowing down to Camelot.

Four gray walls, and four gray towers,
 Overlook a space of flowers,
 And the silent isle imbowers
 The Lady of Shalott.

By the margin, willow-veil'd,
 Slide the heavy barges trail'd
 By slow horses ; and unhail'd
 The shallop flitteth silken-sail'd
 Skimming down to Camelot :
 But who hath seen her wave her hand ?
 Or at the casement seen her stand ?
 Or is she known in all the land,
 The Lady of Shalott ?

Only reapers, reaping early
 In among the bearded barley,
 Hear a song that echoes cheerly
 From the river winding clearly,
 Down to tower'd Camelot :
 And by the moon the reaper weary,
 Piling sheaves in uplands airy,
 Listening, whispers "Tis the fairy
 Lady of Shalott."

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II

THERE she weaves by night and day
 A magic web with colours gay.
 She has heard a whisper say
 A curse is on her if she stay 40
 To look down to Camelot.

She knows not what the curse may be,
 And so she weaveth steadily,
 And little other care hath she,
 The Lady of Shalott. 45

And, moving thro' a mirror clear
 That hangs before her all the year,
 Shadows of the world appear.
 There she sees the highway near
 Winding down to Camelot : 50
 There the river eddy whirls,
 And there the surly village-churls,
 And the red cloaks of market girls,
 Pass onward from Shalott.

Sometimes a troop of damsels glad, 55
 An abbot on an ambling pad,
 Sometimes a curly shepherd-lad,
 Or long-hair'd page in crimson clad.
 Goes by to tower'd Camelot ;
 And sometimes thro' the mirror blue 60
 The knights come riding two and two :
 She hath no loyal knight and true,
 The Lady of Shalott.

But in her web she still delights
 To weave the mirror's magic sights ; 65

For often thro' the silent nights
 A funeral, with plumes and lights
 And music, went to Camelot ;
 Or when the moon was overhead,
 Came two young lovers lately wed ; 70
 'I am half sick of shadows,' said
 The Lady of Shalott.

III

A BOW-SHOT from her bower-eaves
 He rode between the barley-sheaves ;
 The sun came dazzling thro' the leaves 75
 And flamed upon the brazen greaves
 Of bold Sir Lancelot.

A red-cross knight for ever kneel'd
 To a lady in his shield,
 That sparkled on the yellow field, 80
 Beside remote Shalott.

The gemmy bridle glitter'd free,
 Like to some branch of stars we see
 Hung in the golden Galaxy.
 The bridle bells rang merrily 85
 As he rode down to Camelot :

And from his blazon'd baldric slung
 A mighty silver bugle hung,
 And as he rode his armour rung,
 Beside remote Shalott. 90-

All in the blue unclouded weather
 Thick-jewell'd shone the saddle-leather :
 The helmet and the helmet-feather
 Burn'd like one burning flame together,
 As he rode down to Camelot ; 95

As often thro' the purple night,
 Below the starry clusters bright,
 Some bearded meteor, trailing light,
 Moves over still Shalott.

His broad clear brow in sunlight glow'd ; 100
 On burnish'd hooves his war-horse trode ;
 From underneath his helmet flow'd
 His coal-black curls as on he rode,

As he rode down to Camelot.

From the bank and from the river 105
 He flash'd into the crystal mirror ;
 'Tirra lirra,' by the river
 Sang Sir Lancelot.

She left the web, she left the loom,
 She made three paces thro' the room, 110
 She saw the water-lily bloom,
 She saw the helmet and the plume,
 She looked down to Camelot.
 Out flew the web, and floated wide ;
 The mirror crack'd from side to side ; 115
 'The curse is come upon me,' cried
 The Lady of Shalott.

IV

IN the stormy east-wind straining,
 The pale yellow woods were waning,
 The broad stream in his banks complaining, 120
 Heavily the low sky raining
 Over tower'd Camelot ;
 Down she came and found a boat
 Beneath a willow left afloat,
 And round about the prow she wrote 125
The Lady of Shalott.

- And down the river's dim expanse
 Like some bold seer in a trance,
 Seeing all his own mischance—
 With a glassy countenance 130
 Did she look to Camelot.
 And at the closing of the day
 She loosed the chain, and down she lay ;
 The broad stream bore her far away,
 The Lady of Shalott. 135
- Lying, robed in snowy white
 That loosely flew to left and right—
 The leaves upon her falling light—
 Thro' the noises of the night
 She floated down to Camelot : 140
 And as the boat-head wound along
 The willowy hills and fields among,
 They heard her singing her last song,
 The Lady of Shalott.
- Heard a carol, mournful, holy,
 Chanted loudly, chanted lowly,
 Till her blood was frozen slowly,
 And her eyes were darken'd wholly,
 Turn'd to tower'd Camelot. 145
- For ere she reach'd upon the tide
 The first house by the water-side,
 Singing, in her song she died,
 The Lady of Shalott. 150
- Under tower and balcony,
 By garden-wall and gallery,
 A gleaming shape she floated by,
 Dead-pale between the houses high,
 Silent into Camelot. 155

Out upon the wharfs they came,
 Knight and burgher, lord and dame,
 And round the prow they read her name,
The Lady of Shalott.

'Who is this? and what is here?'
 And in the lighted palace near
 Died the sound of royal cheer; 165
 And they cross'd themselves for fear,
 All the knights at Camelot:
 But Lancelot mused a little space;
 He said, 'She has a lovely face;
 God in his mercy lend her grace, 170
 The Lady of Shalott.'

TENNYSON.

23.

THE SANDS OF DEE.

O MARY, go and call the cattle home,
 And call the cattle home,
 And call the cattle home,
 Across the sands o' Dee!"

The western wind was wild and dank with foam, 5
 And all alone went she.

The creeping tide came up along the sand,
 And o'er and o'er the sand,
 And round and round the sand,
 As far as eye could see; 10
 The blinding mist came down and hid the land,
 And never home came she.

Oh! is it weed, or fish, or floating hair?
A tress of golden hair;
Of drownèd maiden's hair;
Above the nets at sea. 15

Was never salmon yet that shone so fair
Among the stakes at Dee!

They rowed her in across the rolling foam,

The cruel, crawling foam,
The cruel, hungry foam,
To her grave beside the sea : 20

But still the boatmen hear her call the cattle home
Across the sands o' Dee.

C. KINGSLEY.

24.

ROBIN GOODFELLOW.

FROM Oberon, in fairy land,
The king of ghosts and shadows there,
Mad Robin I, at his command,
Am sent to view the night-sports here.

What revel-rout
Is kept about,
In every corner where I go,
I will o'ersee,
And merry be,
And make good sport, with ho, ho, ho !

More swift than lightning can I fly
About this airy welkin soon,
And, in a minute's space, deservy
Each thing that's done below the moon.

- There's not a hag 15
 Or ghost shall wag
 Or cry "Ware goblins!" where I go,
 But Robin, I,
 Their feats will spy,
 And send them home, with ho, ho, ho! 20
- Whene'er such wanderers I meet,
 As from their night-sports they trudge home,
 With counterfeiting voice I greet
 And call them on with me to roam ;
 Through woods, through lakes, 25
 Through bogs, through brakes,
 Or else, unseen, with them I go,
 All in the nick
 To play some trick,
 And frolic it, with ho, ho, ho ! 30
- Sometimes I meet them like a man,
 Sometimes an ox, sometimes a hound ;
 And to a horse I turn me can,
 To trip and trot about them round.
 But if, to ride, 35
 My back they stride,
 More swift than wind away I go ;
 O'er hedge and lands,
 Through pools and ponds,
 I hurry, laughing, ho, ho, ho ! 40
- By wells and rills, in meadows green,
 We nightly dance our heyday guise ;
 And to our fairy King and Queen,
 We chant our moonlight minstrelsies.
 When larks 'gin sing, 45
 Away we fling ;

And babes new-born steal as we go,
 And elf in bed
 We leave instead,
 And wend us laughing, ho, ho, ho !

50

From hag-bred Merlin's time have I
 Thus nightly revell'd to and fro ;
 And for my pranks men call me by
 The name of Robin Good-fellow.

Fiends, ghosts, and sprites,
 Who haunt the nights,
 The hags and goblins, do me know ;
 And beldames old
 My feats have told,
 So *vile*, *vile* ! ho, ho, ho !

55

60

ANONYMOUS.

25.

ORPHEUS WITH HIS LUTE.

ORPHEUS with his lute made trees
 And the mountain-tops that freeze
 Bow themselves when he did sing :
 To his music, plants and flowers
 Ever sprung ; as sun and showers
 There had made a lasting spring.

5

Every thing that heard him play,
 Ev'n the billows of the sea,
 Hung their heads, and then lay by.
 In sweet music is such art—
 Killing care and grief of heart
 Fall asleep or, hearing, die.

10

J. FLETCHER.

SECTION VI.

COURAGE, AND MANLINESS.

26.

THE THREE FISHERS.

THREE fishers went sailing away to the West,
Away to the West as the sun went down ;
Each thought on the woman who loved him the best,
And the children stood watching them out of the town ;
For men must work, and women must weep, 5
And there's little to earn, and many to keep,
Though the harbour bar be moaning.

Three wives sat up in the lighthouse tower,
And they trimmed the lamps as the sun went down ; 9
They looked at the squall, and they looked at the shower,
And the night-rack came rolling up ragged and brown.
But men must work, and women must weep,
Though storms be sudden, and waters deep,
And the harbour bar be moaning.

Three corpses lay out on the shining sands 15
 In the morning gleam as the tide went down,
 And the women are weeping and wringing their hands
 For those who will never come home to the town ;
 For men must work, and women must weep,
 And the sooner it's over, the sooner to sleep ; 20
 And good-bye to the bar and its moaning.
 C. KINGSLEY.

27.

CASABIANCA.

A True Story.

THE boy stood on the burning deck,
 Whence all but he had fled ;
 The flame that lit the battle's wreck
 Shone round him o'er the dead ;
 Yet beautiful and bright he stood 5
 As born to rule the storm !
 A creature of heroic blood,
 A proud, though child-like form !
 The flames roll'd on—he would not go
 Without his father's word ; 10
 That father, faint in death below,
 His voice no longer heard.
 He call'd aloud, “Say, father, say
 If yet my task is done !”
 He knew not that the chieftain lay
 Unconscious of his son.
 “Speak, father !” once again he cried,
 “If I may yet be gone !”
 And but the booming shots replied,
 And fast the flames roll'd on. 20

Upon his brow he felt their breath,
And in his waving hair ;
And look'd from that lone post of death
In still, yet brave despair ;

And shouted but once more aloud, 25

"My father! must I stay?"

While o'er him fast through sail and shroud

The wreathing fires made way.

They wrapt the ship in splendour wild,

They caught the flag on high,

And stream'd above the gallant child

Like banners in the sky.

There came a burst of thunder-sound—

The boy—O! where was he?

—Ask of the winds that far around

With fragments strew'd the sea,

With mast, and helm, and pennon fair,

That well had borne their part;

But the noblest thing which perish'd there

Was that young & faithful heart !

FELICIA HEMANS

28

THE VILLAGE BLACKSMITH.

UNDER a spreading chestnut tree
The village smithy stands ;
The smith, a mighty man is he,
With large and sinewy hands,
And the muscles of his brawny arms
Are strong as iron bands.

His hair is crisp, and black, and long,	
His face is like the tan ;	
His brow is wet with honest sweat,	
He earns whate'er he can,	
And looks the whole world in the face,	
For he owes not any man.	10
Week in, week out, from morn till night,	
You can hear his bellows blow ;	
You can hear him swing his heavy sledge,	
With measured beat and slow,	15
Like a sexton ringing the village bell,	
When the evening sun is low.	
And children coming home from school	
Look in at the open door :	
They love to see the flaming forge,	
And hear the bellows roar,	20
And catch the burning sparks that fly	
Like chaff from a threshing-floor.	
He goes on Sunday to the church	
And sits among his boys ;	
He hears the parson pray and preach,	
He hears his daughter's voice	25
Singing in the village choir,	
And it makes his heart rejoice.	
It sounds to him like her mother's voice	
Singing in Paradise !	
He needs must think of her once more,	
How in the grave she lies ;	
And with his hard rough hand he wipes	
A tear out of his eyes.	35

Toiling,—rejoicing,—sorrowing,
 Onward through life he goes ;
 Each morning sees some task begun,
 Each evening sees its close ; 40
 Something attempted, something done,
 Has earned a night's repose.

Thanks, thanks to thee, my worthy friend,
 For the lesson thou hast taught !
 Thus at the flaming forge of life 45
 Our fortunes may be wrought ;
 Thus on its sounding anvil shaped
 Each burning deed and thought.

LONGFELLOW.

Lines 47-48 : Thus, by the exercise of steady resolution such as yours, we may control our deeds and thoughts, first making them generous and unselfish, and then directing them to useful purposes —as the iron is first heated and then shaped for use.

29.

MY GOOD RIGHT HAND.

I FELL into grief, and began to complain ;
 I looked for a friend, but I sought him in vain ;
 Companions were shy, and acquaintance were cold ;
 They gave me good counsel, but dreaded their gold.
 “Let them go,” I exclaimed : “I’ve a friend at my side, 5
 To lift me, and aid me, whatever betide.
 To trust to the world is to build on the sand :—
 I’ll trust but in Heaven and my good Right Hand”

My courage revived, in my fortune's despite,
 And my hand was as strong as my spirit was light ; 10.
 It raised me from sorrow, it saved me from pain ;
 It fed me, and clad me, again and again.
 The friends who had left me came back every one,
 And darkest advisers looked bright as the sun ;
 I need them no more, as they all understand,— 15
 I thank thee, I trust thee, my good Right Hand !

C. MACKAY.

30.

THE MILLER OF THE DEE.

THERE dwelt a miller, hale and bold,
 Beside the river Dee,
 He wrought and sang from morn to night,
 No lark more blithe than he,
 And this the burden of his song 5
 For ever used to be,
 “I envy nobody, no, not I,
 And nobody envies me”

“Thou’rt wrong, my friend !” said old King Hal,
 “Thou’rt wrong as wrong can be ; 10
 For, could my heart be light as thine,
 I’d gladly change with thee.
 And tell me now what makes thee sing
 With voice so loud and free,
 While I am sad though I’m the King, 15
 Beside the river Dee ?”

The miller smiled, and doffed his cap :
 “I earn my bread,” quoth he ;
 “I love my wife, I love my friends,
 I love my children three ; 20

I owe no penny I cannot pay,
I thank the river Dee,
That turns the mill that grinds the corn,
To feed my babes and me."

"Good friend!" said Hal, and sighed the while, 25

"Farewell! and happy be;
But say no more if thou'dst be true,

That no one envies thee.

Thy mealy cap is worth my crown,—

Thy mill, my kingdom's fee! 30

Such men as thou are England's boast,

O miller of the Dee!"

C. MACKAY.

SECTION VII.

PATRIOTISM AND LOYALTY.

THE DESTRUCTION OF SENNACHERIB.

THE Assyrian came down like the wolf on the fold,
And his cohorts were gleaming in purple and gold,
And the sheen of their spears was like stars on the sea,
When the blue wave rolls nightly on deep Galilee.

Like the leaves of the forest when summer is green, 5
That host with their banners at sunset were seen ;
Like the leaves of the forest when autumn hath blown,
That host on the morrow lay wither'd and strown.

For the Angel of Death spread his wings on the blast,
And breathed in the face of the foe as he pass'd ; 10
And the eyes of the sleepers wax'd deadly and chill,
And their hearts but once heaved, and for ever grew still.

And there lay the steed with his nostril all wide,
But through it there roll'd not the breath of his pride ;
And the foam of his gasping lay white on the turf, 15
And cold as the spray of the rock-beating surf.

And there lay the rider, distorted and pale,
With the dew on his brow, and the rust on his mail ;
And the tents were all silent, the banners alone,
The lances unlifted, the trumpet unblown.

20

And the widows of Ashur are loud in their wail.
And the idols are broke in the temple of Baal,
And the might of the Gentile, unsmote by the sword,
Hath melted like snow in the glance of the Lord !

BYRON.

32.

MY HEART'S IN THE HIGHLANDS.

My heart's in the Highlands, my heart is not here ;
My heart's in the Highlands, a-chasing the deer ;
Chasing the wild deer and following the roe,
My heart's in the Highlands wherever I go.

Farewell to the Highlands, farewell to the North, 5
The birth place of valour, the country of worth ;
Wherever I wander wherever I rove,
The hills of the Highlands for ever I love.

Farewell to the mountains high covered with snow ;
Farewell to the straths and green valleys below ; 10
Farewell to the forests and wild-hanging woods ;
~~Farewell to the torrents and loud-pouring floods.~~

My heart's in the Highlands, my heart is not here ;
My heart's in the Highlands, a-chasing the deer :
Chasing the wild deer and following the roe, 15
My heart's in the Highlands wherever I go !

BURNS.

33.

A JACOBITE'S EPITAPH.

To my true King I offered free from stain
 Courage and faith ; vain faith, and courage vain.
 For him I threw lands, honours, wealth, away,
 And one dear hope, that was more prized than they. 5
 For him I languished in a foreign clime,
 Grey-haired with sorrow in my manhood's prime ;
 Heard on Lavernia Scargill's whispering trees,
 And pined by Arno for my lovelier Tees ;
 Beheld each night my home in fevered sleep,
 Each morning started from the dream to weep ; 10
 Till God, who saw me tried too sorely, gave
 The resting-place I asked—an early grave.
 O thou, whom chance leads to this nameless stone
 From that proud country which was once mine own,
 By those white cliffs I never more must see, 15
 By that dear language which I speak like thee,
 Forget all feuds, and shed one English tear
 O'er English dust. A broken heart lies here.

MACAULAY.

34.

THE HOMES OF ENGLAND.

THE stately homes of England !
 How beautiful they stand,
 Amidst their tall ancestral trees,
 O'er all the pleasant land !

The deer across their greensward bound
 Through shade and sunny gleam ;
 And the swan glides by them, with the sound
 Of some rejoicing stream.

The merry homes of England !
 Around their hearths by night,
 What gladsome looks of household love
 Meet in the ruddy light !
 The blessed homes of England !
 How softly on their bowers
 Is laid the holy quietness
 That breathes from Sabbath hours !

The cottage homes of England !
 By thousands on her plains
 They are smiling o'er the silvery brooks,
 And round the hamlet fanes.
 Through glowing orchards forth they peep,
 Each from its nook of leaves ;
 And fearless there the lowly sleep,
 As the bird beneath their eaves.

The free, fair homes of England !
 Long, long, in hut and hall,
 May hearts of native proof be rear'd
 To guard each hallow'd wall !
 And green for ever be the groves,
 And bright the flowery sod,
 Where first the child's glad spirit loves
 Its country and its God !

35.

THE BRITISH GRENADIERS.

SOME talk of Alexander,
 And some of Hercules,
 Of Hector and Lysander,
 And such great names as these ;
 But of all the world's brave heroes
 There's none that can compare—
 With a tow row row row row—
 To the British Grenadier !

Whene'er we are commanded
 To storm the palisades,
 Our leaders march with fusées,
 And we with hand-grenades ;
 We throw them from the glacis
 About the enemies' ears.
 Sing tow row row row row row,
 The British Grenadiers !

Then let us fill a bumper,
 And drink a health to those
 Who carry caps and pouches,
 And wear the loupèd clothes ;
 May they and their commanders
 Live happy all their years !
 With a tow row row row row row
 For the British Grenadiers !

5

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20

ANONYMOUS.

SECTION VIII.

INNOCENCE, GOODNESS, AND WISDOM.

36.

THE SOLITARY REAPER.

BEHOLD her single in the field,
Yon solitary Highland lass,
Reaping and singing by herself,
Stop here, or gently pass !
Alone she cuts and binds the grain, 5
And sings a melancholy strain :
O listen ! for the vale profound
Is overflowing with the sound.

No nightingale did ever chant
So sweetly to reposing bands 10
Of travellers in some shady haunt
Among Arabian sands ;
A voice so thrilling ne'er was heard
In springtime from the cuckoo-bird,
Breaking the silence of the seas 15
Among the farthest Hebrides.

Will no one tell me what she sings ?
 Perhaps the plaintive numbers flow
 For old, unhappy, far-off things
 And battles long ago ; 20
 Or is it some more humble lay,
 Familiar matter of to-day ?
 Some actual sorrow, loss or pain
 That has been, and may be again ?

Whate'er the theme, the maiden sang 25
 As if her song could have no ending ;
 I saw her singing at her work,
 And o'er the sickle bending ;
 I listened, motionless and still ;
 And, as I mounted up the hill, 30
 The music in my heart I bore
 Long after it was heard no more.

WORDSWORTH.

37.

THE SURPRISE.

As there I left the road in May,
 And took my way along a ground,
 I found a glade with girls at play,
 By leafy boughs close-hemm'd around,
 And there, with stores of harmless joys,
 They plied their tongues, in merry noise :
 Though little did they seem to fear
 So queer a stranger might be near.
“ Teeh, hee, look here ! Hah, ha, look there !”
 And oh ! so playsome, oh ! so fair, 10

And one would dance as one would spring,
 - Or bob or bow with leering smiles,
 And one would swing, or sit and sing,
 Or sew a stitch or two at whiles ;
 And one skipp'd on with downcast face, 15
 All heedless, to my very place,
 And there, in fright, with one foot out
 Made one dead step and turn'd about.
 “Heeh ! hee ! oh ! oh ! ooh ! oo !—Look there !”
 And oh ! so playsome, oh ! so fair. 20

Away they scamper'd all, full speed,
 By boughs that swung along their track,
 As rabbits out of wood at feed
 At sight of men all scamper back.
 And one pull'd on behind her heel 25
 A thread of cotton, off her reel,
 And oh ! to follow that white clue
 I felt I fain could scamper too.
 “Teeh ! hee ! Run here ! Eeh ! ee ! Look there !”
 And oh ! so playsome, oh ! so fair. 30

W. BARNES.

38.

SOLITUDE.

HAPPY the man, whose wish and care
 A few paternal acres bound,
 Content to breathe his native air
 In his own ground.

Whose herds with milk, whose fields with bread, 5
 Whose flocks supply him with attire ;
 Whose trees in summer yield him shade,
 In winter fire,

Blest who can unconcern'dly find
 Hours, days, and years, slide soft away 10
 In health of body, peace of mind,
 Quiet by day ;

Sound sleep by night ; study and ease .
 Together mixt, sweet recreation ;
 And innocence, which most does please, 15
 With meditation.

Thus let me live, unseen, unknown ;
 Thus unlamented let me die ;
 Steal from the world, and not a stone
 Tell where I lie. 20

POPE.

39.

CONTENT.

ART thou poor, yet hast thou golden slumbers ?
 O, sweet content !

Art thou rich, yet is thy mind perplexed ?
 O, punishment !

Dost thou laugh to see how fools are vexed
 To add to golden numbers golden numbers ?
 O, sweet content !

Work apace, apace, apace, apace ;
 Honest labour bears a lovely face ;
 Then héy noney, noney ; hey noney, noney ! 10

Canst drink the waters of the crispèd spring ?
 O, sweet content !

Swimm'st thou in wealth, yet sink'st in thine own tears ?
 O, punishment !

Then he that patiently want's burden bears, 15
No burden bears, but is a king, a king !

O, sweet content !

Work apace, apace, apace, apace ;
Honest labour bears a lovely face ;
Then héy noney, noney ; hey noney, noney !

T. DEKKER.

40.

EPICRAM.

ON parent knees, a naked new-born child,
Weeping thou sat'st while all around thee smiled :
So live, that sinking to thy life's last sleep,
Calm thou may'st smile, whilst all around thee weep.

SIR WILLIAM JONES.

SECTION IX.

THE CONTEMPLATION OF LIFE AND DEATH.

41.

SUCH IS LIFE.

LIKE to the falling of a star,
Or as the flights of eagles are ;
Or like the fresh Spring's gaudy hue,
Or silver drops of morning dew ;
Or like a wind that chafes the flood, 5
Or bubbles which on water stood ;—
E'en such is man, whose borrow'd light
Is straight call'd in and paid to-night.
The wind blows out, the bubble dies ;
The Spring entomb'd in Autumn lies ; 10
The dew dries up, the star is shot,
The flight is past ;—and Man forgot.

HENRY KING.

42.

THE LIGHT OF OTHER DAYS.

- Ort in the stilly night
 Ere slumber's chain has bound me,
 Fond Memory brings the light
 Of other days around me :
 The smiles, the tears 5
 Of boyhood's years,
 The words of love then spoken ;
 The eyes that shone,
 Now dimm'd and gone,
 The cheerful hearts now broken ! 10
- Thus in the stilly night
 Ere slumber's chain has bound me,
 Sad Memory brings the light
 Of other days around me.
- When I remember all 15
 The friends so link'd together
 I've seen around me fall
 Like leaves in wintry weather,
 I feel like one
 Who treads alone 20
 Some banquet-hall deserted,
 Whose lights are fled,
 Whose garlands dead,
 And all but he departed !
- Thus in the stilly night 25
 Ere slumber's chain has bound me,
 Sad Memory brings the light
 Of other days around me.

T. MOORE.

43.

FIDELE.

FEAR no more the heat o' the sun
 Nor the furious winter's rages ;
 Thou thy worldly task hast done,
 Home art gone and ta'en thy wages :
 Golden lads and girls all must, 5
 As chimney-sweepers, come to dust.

Fear no more the frown o' the great,
 Thou art past the tyrant's stroke ;
 Care no more to clothe and eat ;
 To thee the reed is as the oak : 10
 The sceptre, learning, physic, must
 All follow this, and come to dust.

Fear no more the lightning-flash
 Nor the all-dreaded thunder-stone ;
 Fear not slander, censure rash ; 15
 Thou hast finished joy and moan :
 All lovers young, all lovers must
Consign to thee, and come to dust.

SHAKESPEARE.

44.

ROSE AYLMER.

AH, what avails the sceptred race,
 Ah, what the form divine,
 What every virtue, every grace !
 Rose Aylmer, all were thine.

Rose Aylmer; whom these wakeful eyes
May weep, but never see,
A night of memories and sighs
I consecrate to thee.

W. S. LANDOR.

45.

DEATH'S SEASONS.

LEAVES have their time to fall,
And flowers to wither at the north wind's breath,
And stars to set,—but all,
Thou has *all* seasons for thine own, O Death !

Day is for mortal care ;
Eve for glad meetings round the joyous hearth ;
Night for the dreams of sleep, the voice of prayer ;—
But all for thee, thou mightiest of the earth.

We know when moons shall wane,
When summer birds from far shall cross the sea, 10
When autumn's hue shall tinge the golden grain,—
But who shall teach us when to look for thee?

Is it when spring's first gale
Comes forth to whisper where the violets lie?
Is it when roses in our path grow pale?—
They have one season—all are ours to die!

Thou art where billows foam,
Thou art where music melts upon the air;
Thou art around us in our peaceful home,
And the world calls us forth—and thou art there. 20

Thou art where friend meets friend,
Beneath the shadow of the elm to rest—
Thou art where foe meets foe, and trumpets rend ~~the~~
The skies, and swords beat down the princely crest.~~the~~

Leaves have their time to fall, 25
And flowers to wither at the north wind's breath,
And stars to set,—but all,
Thou hast *all* seasons for thine own, O Death !

FELICIA HEMANS.

SECTION X.

THE WORLD AND THE CREATOR.

46.

PIPPA'S SONG.

THE year's at the spring,
And day's at the morn ;
Morning's at seven ;
The hillside's dew-pearled ;
The lark's on the wing ;
The snail's on the thorn ;
God's in His heaven—
All's right with the world.

5

BROWNING.

47.

BUDS AND BABIES.

A MILLION buds are born that never blow,
That sweet with promise lift a pretty head,
To blush and wither on a barren bed,
And leave no fruit to show.

57

Sweet, unfulfilled. ' Yet have I understood
 One joy, by their fragility made plain : .
 Nothing was ever beautiful in vain,
 Or all in vain was good.

5

CHRISTINA ROSSETTI.

48.

A FAREWELL.

Flow down, cold rivulet, to the sea,
 Thy tribute wave deliver :
 No more by thee my steps shall be,
 For ever and for ever.

Flow, softly flow, by lawn and lea,
 A rivulet--then a river ;
 No where by thee my steps shall be,
 For ever and for ever.

But here will sigh thine alder tree,
 And here thine aspen shiver ;
 And here by thee will hum the bee,
 For ever and for ever.

A thousand suns will stream on thee,
 A thousand moons will quiver :
 But not by thee my steps shall be,
 For ever and for ever.

5

10

15

TENNYSON.

49.

THE HOUR OF PRAYER.

CHILD, amidst the flowers at play,
 While the red light fad's away ;

Mother, with thine earnest eye,
Ever following silently ;
Father, by the breeze of eve
Called thy harvest work to leave—
Pray : ere yet the dark hours be,
Lift the heart, and bend the knee !

Traveller, in the stranger's land,
Far from thine own household band ;
Mourner, haunted by the tone
Of a voice from this world gone ;
Captive, in whose narrow cell
Sunshine hath not leave to dwell ;
Sailor, on the darkening sea,
Lift the heart, and bend the knee !

Warrior, that from battle won
Breathest now at set of sun ;
Woman, o'er the lowly slain
Weeping on his burial-plain ;
Ye that triumph, ye that sigh,
Kindred by one holy tie,
Heaven's first star alike ye see—
Lift the heart, and bend the knee !

FELICIA HEMANS.

50.

STARS.

THEY glide upon their endless way,
For ever calm, for ever bright ;
No blind hurry, no delay,
Mark the Daughters of the Night :
They follow in the track of Day,
In divine delight.

5

Shine on, sweet orbèd Souls for aye,
For ever calm, for ever bright';
We ask not whither lies your way,
Nor whence ye came, nor what your light; 10
Be—still a dream throughout the day,
A blessing through the night.

B. W. PROCTER (BARRY CORNWALL).

NOTES.

PART I.

1.

ROBERT SOUTHEY, 1774-1843.

3. *twinkling*, fluttering—in the bright light. 3. *dewy*, morning (adj.).
6. *gales*, breezes. 11. *flowing water*—of streams. 13. *decays*, grows dim. 16. *sheep-bell*, bells on the necks of the bell-wethers or leading sheep—sing. for pl.

2.

JOHN HOWARD PAYNE, *an American writer*, 1792-1852.

3. *charm*, blessing. 3. *hallow us*, place us under Heaven's protection. 4. *seek*, even if we should seek it. 4. *ne'er met with*, never felt—so strongly. 8. *exile*—obj. of 'dazzles.' 8. *in vain*, without making him cease to long for home. 11. *with*, and.

3.

ALFRED TENNYSON, *afterwards LORD TENNYSON*, 1809-1892.

A lullaby sung by a fisherman's wife to her babe. 6. *dying*, setting. 7. *him*—the baby's father. 13. *nest*, loving home. 14. *silver sails*, with moonlit sails.

4.

FELICIA DOROTHEA BROWNE, *afterwards MRS. HEMANS*, 1793-1835.

7. *folded flower*, sleeping child. 9. *West*, N. America. 10. *dark, shaded*. 11. *Indian*, N. American Indian—sing. for pl. 11. *rest, burial*. 13. *lone*, uninhabited. 15. *loved*, most loved. 16. *bed, grave*. 16. *may*, can. 17. *dressed*, cultivated. 18. *slain*—pl. 19. *wrapt*—to save them. 19. *his*, his regiment's. 20. *Spain*—where the Peninsular War raged, from 1808 to 1814. 23. *faded*, slowly died—the word suggests a flower, with which she is compared. 23. *'midst Italian flowers*, in Italy. 24. *band*, family. 29. *lit up*, made cheerful. 29. *hall*, house. 30. *hearth*, home. 31. *alas for love*, it would be sad for those who love. 31. *thou*, Earth. 32. *nought beyond*, there were nought beyond, there were no life after this. 32. *Earth*, life on earth.

5.

CHARLES TENNYSON-TURNER, *an elder brother of Alfred Tennyson, 1808-1879.*

1. *Lammas night*, night of the harvest-festival—August 1st. 2. *said*—the objs. are the speeches beginning at lines 6 and 21. 11. *the while*, while. 12. *wots*, knows. 13-14. *address himself*, make haste. 17. *unsought*, spontaneously. 20. *same*—thought. 23. *slender boot*, of little use. 24. *make o'erflow*, fill with joy. 32. *mate*, match. 33. *played their gracious parts*, did deeds of loving-kindness. 44. *there*—in the village. 44. *Allah's house*, a mosque.

6.

WILLIAM COWPER, 1731-1800.

10. *pain*, hunger. 11. *heat*, eagerness. 14. *one*, a bird—of prey. 16. *yours*, your amusement (sport). 20. *man*, men—in their thoughtless cruelty. 21. Here Beau's reply begins. 23. *louder voice*, stronger order—that of instinct. 27. *Nature*, instinct. 32. *precept*, promptings. 34. *prison*, cage. 36. *press'd*, lay on. 37. *sacred*, valued—by you. 38. *destined*, allowed. 38. *tooth*—sing. for pl. 39. *kiss'd*, tenderly touched. 44. *aggrieved*, unfairly treated. 47. *killing*, wasting.

7.

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH, 1770-1850.

4. *golden*, yellow. 6. *dancing*, swaying. 9. *in never-ending line*, from one end of the bay to the other—out of sight. 10. *bay*—of the lake. 13. *danced*, sparkled as they moved in the sunlight. 14. *glee*, apparent joy, bright beauty. 18. *wealth*, store of pleasure. 21. *that inward eye*, the memory. 22. *is*, is the source of, brings. 24. *dances*, rejoices.

8.

MICHAEL BRUCE, *a Scottish writer, 1746-1767.*

The poem is by some attributed to another Scottish author, John Logan, 1748-1788. 1. *stranger*, new-comer. 2. *messenger of*, sign of the coming of. 3. *Heaven*, the season. 3. *thy rural seat*, the trees. 4. *woods*, woodland birds. 4. *thy welcome sing*, sing as though to welcome you. 5. *what time*, when. 5. *daisy*, green—sings. for pls. 5. *green*, lawn, grass. 6. *certain*, regularly heard—each early spring. 7. *star*—such as the Pole Star to mariners. 7. *path*, migrations. 8. *mark*, show you. 8. *rolling year*, advance of the seasons—progress of spring; see line 21. 9. *with thee*, when you come. 15. *starts*, makes a glad movement. 15. *voice*, signal. 17. *the*

bloom, its blossoms—when summer comes. 18. *thouliest*, you leave. 18. *thy vocal vale*, the vale where your notes were heard. 19. *annual guest*, visitant regularly returning—with their spring. 21. *bower*, haunts—sing, for pl. 21. *ever green*—because the bird migrates North or South, following the temperate weather. 26. *wing*, flight—sing, for pl.

9.

HENRY S. CORNWELL.

2. *wrath*, might. 3. *wave*, stormy sea—sing, for pl. 4. *the, some, a.* 4. *shudders*, sinks—the word suggests the shaking frame of the vessel, and also the horror of the scene. 5. *whence, why.* 6. *challenges*, dares to face. 7. *not for thee*, unknown to you. 7. *gales, breezes.* 10. *savage, perilous.* 11. *organ-winds*, loud blasts—resembling in sound the notes of the most powerful of wind-instruments. 12. *harmonies for thee*, sweet sounds to you. 12. *alone*—agreeing with ‘rush,’ ‘roar,’ and ‘winds.’ 13. *argosies*, ships. 13. *to naught*, to destruction. 14. *o'er*—following after ‘toy’ (line 16). 15. *companion*—in apposition to ‘thee.’ 15. *wandering, restless*—the word suggests the notion of the ceaseless currents and waves of the ocean. 16. *Tumuli and Death*, the deadly tempests. 16. *but, only.* 16. *toy with*, bring delight to. 18. *our horror*, scenes horrible to us. 19. *sweep*, move securely. 20. *along, amidst.* 20. *angry deep*, trials. 21. *heed, fear.* 21. *lowering clouds*, troubles. 21. *roll*, approach. 22. *darken*, increase—intrans. 23. *soar*, meet turmoil gladly. 23. *breast*, firmly encounter—a verb, of which the objs. are ‘mists’ and ‘storms.’ 24. *mists, difficulties*—in which it is hard to decide, as in a mist it is hard to see. 24. *storms, struggles.* 24. *fate, life.*

10.

WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT, an American writer, 1794-1878.

2. *steps, gleams.* 3. *depths, expanse.* 6. *wrong, harm.* 7. *darkly painted*, seen like a dark spot. 12. *chafed*, wave-beaten. 13-14. *whose care teaches*, who cares for you and gives you the instinct to find. 14. *that coast*, the sky—the word suggests the additional picture of the long coasts of the illimitable ocean, which latter the sky resembles. 16. *lost*, ignorant of the way. 17. *fann'd, beaten.* 19. *stoop, descend.* 22. *summer home*—the bird is migrating to a cooler land for the summer. 25. *abyss of heaven*, distance. 26. *swallow'd up, hidden.* 29. *He*—see line 13. 29. *zone, place, point*—the word here means ‘circle,’ and the bird, seeing equally in all directions as it flies, moves from centre to centre of ever-changing circles of vision. 30. *certain, unerring.* 31. *way, course of life.* 31. *tread, pursue.* 32. *steps, conduct.*

11.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE, 1564-1616.

Taken from Shakespeare's Comedy, *As You Like It*, in which this song is sung by an exiled forester. 1. *greenwood*, forest. 1. *the*, some, a. 3. *turn*, tune. 3. *note*—sing. for pl. 4. *unto*, in harmony with. 4. *bird, throat*—sings. for pls. 11. *the food he eats*, no more than the food he needs. 12. *what, whatever*.

12.

THOMAS NASH, 1567-1601.

2. *pleasant king*, sweetest season. 8. *palm, may*—flowering shrubs; sings. for pls. 9. *make gay*, adorn. 15. *the fields breathe*, breezes blow from the fields. 16. *kiss our feet*, bloom round our feet.

13.

ALFRED TENNYSON, afterwards LORD TENNYSON, 1809-1892.

1. *I*—the Brook sings. 1. *coot, hern*—sings. for pls. 11-12. *for ... but*, for though ... yet—‘for’ follows on the verbs of motion in the ten preceding lines. 11. *may come and may go*, are born and die. 14. *sharps and trebles*, sounds of music. 17. *fret*, wear away. 19. *fairy foreland*, tiny cape. 19-20. *set with*, covered with. 31. *water-break*, ripple. 32. *golden, yellow*. 38. *covers, copses*. 41. *gloom*, grow dark. 41. *glance*, grow bright. 43. *the netted sunbeam*, the sunlight flecked with shade—the chequered light and shade of rippling water are like the meshes and threads of a net; ‘netted’ may mean either ‘net-like,’ or ‘caught in a net’ (of shade). 43. *dance*, glitter. 44. *against*, over. 47. *shingly bars*, bars of sand—hindering the flow.

14.

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH, 1770-1850.

3. *fall*, flow. 7. *first*, at dawn. 8. *first*—see line 7. 10. *by any stealth*, by any means. 12. *wealth*, beauty. 13. *barrier, interval*—of rest. 14. *mother*, source, origin.

15.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE, 1564-1616.

1. *by*, beside—from the overhanging eaves of the roof of the farm-house. 1. *wall*—sing. for pl. 2. *nail*, finger-tips—sing. for pl. 4. *pail*, the pails—sing. for pl. 5. *ways*, roads. 6. *staring*, big-eyed. 8. *merry*—ironical. 9. *greasy*—with kitchen-work. 9.

keel the pot, skim the boiling broth—an obsolete phrase. 10.
“round—the village. 11. *coughing*, the coughs of the chilly par-
 ioners in’church. 11. *saw*, speech, words. 12. *brooding*, motion-
 less. 13. *raw*, chapped. 14. *crabs*, crab-apples. 14. *hiss in the*
bowl, float in the hot liquor.

16.

WILLIAM COWPER, 1731-1800.

5, 6. Three absolute constructions. 6. *new*, fresh, sprightly—see
 line 7. 8. *in vain*—to make men spare the bird. 9. *date*, duration.
 10. *starved*—by neglect. 11. *breath*, life. 13. *thanks*—because the
 ‘woes’ bring death and so escape. 13. *gentle swain*, gentle sir—
 the wretch who starved the bird. 14, 15. *close, cure*—death. 16.
express, describe, tell of. 18. *had*, should have—subjunctive mood.

17.

THOMAS GISBORNE, 1758-1846.

3. *thy wayward looks*, you with thoughtless glances. 4. *to form*,
 to form it. 6. *being*, life. 6. *flow’d*, originated. 10. *free for*, to be
 freely enjoyed by. 11. *blade*—sing. for pl. 13. *day*, life.

18.

OLIVER GOLDSMITH, the Irish author, 1728-1774.

4. *wash away*—guilt is spoken of as a stain. 5. *art*, action.
 8. *bosom*, heart.

19.

ADELAIDE ANNE PROCTER, the daughter of B. W. Procter, 1825-1864.

1. *Earth*, mankind, men—the more prosperous classes of man-
 kind are here intended, see especially lines 13-15 and 22-27. 6.
cursing the day when, deplored the fact that. 7. *she*, the Earth,
 me, they. 7, 8. *a tarnished name, a tainted fame*, part of the ill-
 repute of its parents and relations—they suspected it of vicious
 inclinations like those of its relations. 9. *cradled it in*, left it to be
 brought up in. 11. *ray*, knowledge. 11. *most holy light*, great truths.
 12. *curtained*, concealed. 13. *turned away*, withheld. 13. *heart*,
 care. 13. *eyes*, attention. 14. *look*, take notice. 15. *its little feet*,
 the child. 15. *stray*, commit evil. 21. *for*, instead of. 23, *her*
injured right, the broken law. 24. *depths of night*, misery. 25.
brandishing, disgracing. 25. *brand*, infamy. 26. *could not understand*
 —his stunted intellect was not sensitive to shame, but sullenly
 resented the vengeance of the law-abiding classes; the poem does

not maintain that the dangerous criminal should be allowed to go free and so to terrorize society, for that would be downright folly; but it points out how potent is an adverse lot over the human soul and enjoins on each the duty of striving to mitigate its power over the children of the less fortunate classes. 27. *outcast*, gaol-bird. 33. *answered to*, repeated. 33. *her pride*, the sounds of rejoicing. 34. *blest*, honoured. 35. *take the crown*, receive the inheritance—the babe was born into a princely or powerful house. 36. *wreathed*, formed, acquired—the ‘crown’ in the figure is made of flowers or leaves, and so a wreath. 36. *his name*, him. 37. *bent*, used. 39. *a breath*, even the faintest influence. 40. *strewed with flowers*, made pleasant. 40. *morning path*, youthful course. 41. *Love*, loving friends. 41. *in tender dropping showers*, with tender care—this line and the next suggest a scene in an English April, when transient showers foster the growing herbage. 42. *the blue and dawning hours*, his bright youth—a picture of morning with its clear-blue skies is suggested; the phrase is, apparently, elliptical for ‘the blossoms of the blue and dawning hours.’ 43-44. *shed a halo round the good*, made goodness seem lovely to him—‘halo’ here means ‘pleasing brightness.’ 43. *in*, amid, with. 43. *rainbow hues of light*, radiant beauty. 45. *sight*, mind. 47. *lit*, made attractive. 47. *dazzling ray*, allurement. 48. *morning*, the youth. 48. *brightened*, advanced. 48. *day*, manhood. 50. *shed*, freely bestowed.

20.

LEIGH HUNT, 1784-1859.

4. *making*, agreeing with ‘moonlight.’ 4. *rich*, full of radiance. 4. *like a lily in bloom*, gleaming like a lily. 6. *peace*—of mind; see line 2. 7. *presence*, angel—a term of deep respect suggesting royal dignity. 9. *made of*, full of, expressive of. 9. *accord*, concord, peace—the word suggests the likeness of peace to music, wherein the notes agree with each other in harmony. 17. *whom*, of men whom. 17. *love of God*, God’s love—for them; another book, apparently, was shown, since Abou’s answer had not increased his love for God.

21.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE, 1564-1616.

1. *at heaven’s gate*, on high. 2. *Phœbus*, the sun. 3. *his steeds to water at*, to draw the dew from. 3. *springs*, drops. 4. *lies*—agreeing with ‘springs, that’; in modern English ‘lie.’ 5. *winking*, waking, stirring—the flowers are represented as waked by the morning light and closing their eyes again for a moment because of its brightness. 6. *eyes*, blossoms. 7. *bin*, is—obsolete.

22.

' ALFRED TENNYSON, afterwards LORD TENNYSON, 1809-1892.

Shalott—an imaginary island in the neighbourhood of Camelot, the fabulous capital of King Arthur in the West of Britain in the period between the Roman evacuation and the Saxon conquest. 3. *clothe*, cover. 3. *wold*, upward sloping land. 3. *sky*, horizon. 4. *by*, past—*Shalott*. 11. *whiten*, show the pale under-sides of their leaves stirred by the breezes. 11-12. *dusk and shiver thro'*, course over and make dark and ruffled. 12. *ware*, water—sing. for pl. 15. *walls, towers*—on the island. 17. *imbowers*, is the abode of. 19. *willow-veil'd*, where willows overshadow the banks of the island. 21. *unhaile'd*—from the mysteriously silent isle; see line 17. 22. *shallop*—sing. for pl. 33. *reaper*—sing. for pl. 34. *uplands*—see line 3. 48. *shadows*, reflections. 51. *eddy*—sing. for pl. 52. *curls*, peasants. 60. *blue*, reflecting the blue sky above and the blue stream below. 62. *knight*, knightly lover. 64. *web*—see line 38. 65. *magic*—see line 115. 71. *half sick of shadows*, weary of reflections—she would enter into the joys of the real world, but may not even gaze upon it; see lines 39-41. 78. *red-cross*, wearing a red-cross badge. 78. *for ever kneel'd*, was depicted kneeling. 80. *yellow field*, barley-field—see line 74. 82. *free, loose*. 83. *branch*, constellation. 84. *Galaxy*, Milky Way. 87. *blazon'd*, richly worked. 87. *slung*—pt. part. agreeing with 'bugle.' 91. *blue*, blue-skied. 96. *purple night*, deep blue sky of night. 98. *bearded*, with a train. 106. *flash'd into*, was reflected brightly in. 107. *tirra lirra*—a careless refrain. 110. *thro' the room*—to the casement. 111. *lily*—sing. for pl. 114. *floated*—from the loom. 119. *yellow*—in autumn. 119. *waning*, shedding all their leaves. 120. *complaining*, making a sad sound. 124. *left*—pt. part. agreeing with 'boat.' 128. *in a trance*, inspired. 130. *glassy*, deathly—'glassy' suggests the notion of eyes from which all animation has departed. 137. *flew*, fluttered in the breeze. 148. *wholly*—in death. 149. *turn'd*—pt. part. agreeing with 'eyes.' 151. *first house*—of Camelot. 152. *in*, in the middle of. 154, 155, 160. Sings. for pls. 165. *cheer*, feasting. 166. *cross'd themselves*—with the sign of the cross in the air before their breasts. 168. *space, while*. 170. *lend, show*. 170. *grace*, his favour.

23.

CHARLES KINGSLEY, 1819-1875.

Dee, the English River Dee flowing into the Irish Sea. 18. *stakes*—of the weirs in the river. 23. *her*, her spirit.

24.

ANONYMOUS.

Robin Goodfellow—otherwise known as Puck. 1. *Oberon*—the fairy King. 2. *shadows*, sprites. 4. *here*—on earth. 5. *revel-rout*,

sport. 6. *about*, up. 12. *about this airy welkin*, through the air. 12. *soon*, with speed. 15. *hay*, witch. 16. *wag*, come out. 17. *cry*—to frighten folks. 17. *ware*, beware of. 18-19. *but I will spy*, without my seeing. 21. *such*, any. 23. *counterfeiting*—see lines 31-34. 28. *all in the nick*, when the chance comes—an adverbial phrase qualifying ‘to play.’ 30. *it*—redundant. 34. *trip*, run. 42. *our heyday guise*, in our sportive way. 43. *queen*—Titania. 44. *minstrelsies*, songs. 46. *fling*, flee. 48. *elf*, a fairy changeling—sing. for pl. 50. *us*—redundant 51. *hag-bred*, witch-born. 51. *Merlin*—the famous wizard of the legends of King Arthur. 58. *beldames*, crones. 60. *valè*, fare thee well—Latin.

25.

JOHN FLETCHER, 1579-1625.

This poem is by some attributed to Shakespeare. 1. *Orpheus*—a mythical Greek poet and harper. 3. *bow*—to hear. 4. *to*, at the sound of. 5. *sprung*, grew. 5. *as*, as though. 9. *hung their heads*, paused to hear. 9. *lay by*, lay still. 10. *art*, power. 11. *killing*, carking—adj. agreeing with ‘care.’ 12. *fall asleep*, are forgotten. 12. *hearing*—sweet music; this should be taken before ‘fall asleep.’ 12. *die*, end.

26.

CHARLES KINGSLEY, 1819-1875.

5. *weep*—for their men in danger. 6. *keep*, support. 7. *harbour bar*, waves on the bar—where the protection of the harbour ceases and the open sea begins. 7. *moaning*, sounding—ominous of storm. 9. *lamps*—of the lighthouse. 11. *night-rack*, storm-clouds as night approached. 11. *ragged*, with jagged edges. 16. *gleam*, stormy sunshine—sing. for pl. 20. *it*, life with its labours and sorrows. 20. *to sleep*, they get to sleep, they win peace. 21. *the bar and its moaning*, work and grief.

27.

FELICIA DOROTHEA BROWNE, afterwards MRS. HEMANS, 1793-1835.

The hero of this story was the son of a French Admiral who was killed in the battle of the Nile (1798), one of Nelson’s famous victories over the French. It is said that the father, bidding his young son to stay during the battle in a certain spot of comparative safety till he returned for him, left him; and the boy obeyed his father to the death. 3. *battle’s wreck*, ruined ships. 6. *rule the storm*, be a leader amidst storms. 14. *task*, duty—to stay. 15. *chieftain*, admiral—his father. 18. *yet*, now. 19. *replied*, were heard 27. *sail*—sing. for pl. 27. *shroud*, rigging—sing. for pl.

33. *thunder-sound*, the thunderous explosion of the ship's powder magazine. 36. *fragments*, the broken timbers of the ship. 37. *mast*—sing. for pl. 38. *borne their part*, shared storms and battles with the seamen.

28.

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW, *the American poet*,
1807-1882.

7. *crisp*, strong and inclined to curl. 8. *like*, as brown as. 12. *owes not*, owes nothing to. 13. *week in*, *week out*, throughout the week. 15. *sledge*, hammer. 16. *measured*, regular. 44. *lesson taught*, example set me. 45. *at the forge of life*, in this life which resembles your forge. 45. *flaming*, active, eventful. 46. *fortunes*, spiritual fortunes, souls, characters. 46. *may be wrought*, we may make sound and strong. 47. *on its anvil*, in the world which is like your anvil—see the footnote to the text. 47. *sounding*, resounding with blows, busy. 47. (*may be*) *shaped*, we may control.

29.

CHARLES MACKAY, *a Scottish writer*, 1814-1889.

1. *grief*, poverty. 3. *shy*, chary of help. 4. *dreaded their gold*, were afraid of lending me money. 7. *the world*, others. 7. *the sand*, weak foundations. 8. *my good Right Hand*, my own exertions. 9. *in fortune's despite*, in spite of ill fortune. 10. *bright*, cheerful. 12. *again and again*, well. 14. *darkest*, the most discouraging, the least helpful—formerly. 14. *looked bright*, looked cheerful when they saw me—they were glad to associate with him now that he had money.

30.

2. *river Dee*—in the West of England, flowing into the Irish Sea. 9. *Hal*, Henry—the Eighth. 29. *thy mealy cap*, your trade—‘mealy’ means ‘white with flour’; the phrase brings up before the mind a picture of the miller in his dusty clothes. 29. *is worth*, brings more happiness than. 30. (*is worth*) *my kingdom's fee*, brings more content than the kingdom which I hold—‘fee’ means ‘possession.’ 31. *boast*, just cause of pride.

31.

GEORGE GORDON NOEL, LORD BYRON, 1788-1824.

Sennacherib—an Assyrian king who invaded Judah in the year 710 B.C., when his army was attacked by a plague of such virulence that he hastily withdrew from the country. The poet has imagined a Jewish song of triumph on the retreat of the invaders. 1.

Assyrian—Sennacherib. 3. *stars*, starlight. 4. *wave*—sing. for pl. 4. *Galilee*, the Lake of Galilee—in Northern Palestine. 5. *like*—in number and vigour. 7. *autumn hath blown*, autumn has come with its winds. 8. *wither'd*, dead. 8. *strown*, scattered. 9. *spread his wings*, flew—over them. 10. *face*—sing. for pl. 14. *pride*, vigour. 15. *gasping*—in the agony of death. 19. *alone*, deserted. 21. *Ashur*, Assyria. 22. *Baal*—the Assyrian god. 23. *Gentile*, heathens—sing. for pl. 24. *in the glance of*, before the wrath of.

32.

ROBERT BURNS, *the Scottish poet*, 1759-1796.

Written when the poet feared that he must leave his native land.
1. *my heart's in*, if I had my wish I should be in. 6. *valour*, worth, brave and upright men. 10. *straiths*, glens. 10. *below*—the mountains. 11. *wild-hanging woods*, wild woods upon the hill-sides.

33.

THOMAS BABINGTON MACAULAY, *afterwards LORD MACAULAY*, 1800-1859.

1. *true King*—the Old Pretender, who called himself James III., and for whom the Jacobite rebellions of 1715 and 1745 were raised. 2. *faith*, fidelity. 2. *vain*, without success. 3. *threw away*, risked and lost. 4. *hope*—of union with his beloved. 5. *languished*, suffered exile. 7. *heard*, imagined, pondered on. 7. *Lavernia*—a mt. in the Apennines. 7. *Scargill*—a hill in the North Riding of Yorkshire, near the R. Tees and the exile's home. 7. *whispering*, leafy. 11. *tried*, troubled. 13. *stone*, grave-stone. 15. *white cliffs*, the coast-cliffs of England. 17. *all feuds*, our feuds. 18. *dust*—see 1. 13.

34.

FELICIA DOROTHEA BROWNE, *afterwards MRS. HEMANS*, 1793-1835.

3. *ancestral*, old. 5. *greensward*, grass, parks. 6. *shade*, the shadows of the trees. 6. *sunny gleam*, sunlit spaces. 7. *swan*—sing. for pl. 7. *by*, past. 7. *with the sound*, upon the murmuring ripples. 8. *rejoicing*, delightful—the writer transfers the joy of the spectator to the stream. 12. *light*—cast by the fire. 14. *softly*, peacefully. 14-15. *on their bower is laid*, in them is felt. 16. *breathes from*, comes with—‘breathes’ suggests the notion of air, and the peace of an English Sunday is as intangible and yet as perceptible as quiet airs. 19. *are smiling*, stand prettily. 19. *o'er*, near. 20. *hamlet*—adj. 20. *faues*, churches. 21. *glowing*, ripening. 24. *bird*—sing. for pl. 27. *hearts of native proof*, men of proven valour—‘proof’ means ‘tested strength,’ especially of steel, with which brave hearts are compared; the epithet ‘native’ belongs rather to ‘hearts,’ to which it may be transferred. 30. *sod*, grass. 31. *child*, spirit—sings. for pls. 31. *loves*, learns to love.

35.

ANONYMOUS.

3. *Lysander*—a celebrated Spartan general who overthrew the Athenians, B.C. 405, and died in battle with the Thebans, B.C. 394.
 18. *those*—the Grenadiers. 20. *louped clothes*, coats with the corners looped or buttoned back—the old uniform of the Grenadiers; ‘louped’ is obsolete.

36.

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH, 1770-1850.

8. *overflowing with*, full of. 16. *Hebrides*—islands in the Atlantic to the west of Scotland. 17. *what she sings*—in her native Gaelic. 18-19. *flow for*, tell of—the phrase suggests the notion of a stream, with the sound of which the song is compared.

37.

WILLIAM BARNES, 1801-1886.

2. *a ground*, an enclosed space, a field. 4. *boughs*, trees. 4. *hemm'd*, bordered. 5. *stores of*, many. 7. *fear*, suspect. 9, 19. 29. The children’s cries. 11, 13. *one, one*, some. 12. *bob*, curtsey. 12. *leering*, roguish—these are playing at being fine ladies. 18. *made one dead step*, made one step and stopped. 18. *turn'd about*, fled. 22. *by*, past. 25. *pull'd on*—it had got twisted round her ankle.

38.

ALEXANDER POPE, 1688-1744.

1. *wish*, ambition. 2. *paternal*, inherited. 2. *bound*, satisfy and limit—governing ‘wish and care’; the ‘few acres’ satisfy his ambition, and limit his cares and responsibilities. 4. *ground*—the ‘few acres,’ line 2. 6. *supply him*—transfer to line 5. 9. *unconcern'dly*, without regretting the approach of age. 12. *quiet*—a noun. 13. *sleep*—governed by ‘in,’ line 11. 15. *most does please*, of all things brings the greatest pleasure. 17. *unseen, unknown*, in peace—untroubled by the many. 18. *unlamented*, without leaving heavy grief in any heart. 19. *steal*, pass quietly. 19. *not a stone*, no grave-stone recording my name—he has no ambition that his name should be remembered.

39.

THOMAS DEKKER, 1575-1641.

1. *golden*, healthy. 3. *perplexed*, anxious. 5. *vexed*, troubled. 6. *numbers*, sums. 9. *bears a lovely face*, is agreeable, brings joy—labour is personified as a lovely companion with whom it is well

to be mated. 11. *crisped*, crisp, fresh. 13. *swimm'st thou in*, are you surrounded by. 13. *sink'st in*, are overwhelmed by. 13. *tears*, sorrows. 15. *want's burden*, poverty. 16. *burden*, want, lack. 16. *bears*, perceives. 16. *a king*, master of all that he desires.

40.

SIR WILLIAM JONES, 1746-1794.

(From the Persian.)

3. *last sleep*, close.

41.

BISHOP HENRY KING, 1592-1669.

The poem is claimed for others, but is most probably King's. 1. *like to*—in the brevity of his glory. 2. *as*—in the transience of his aspirations. 3. *like*—in the quick loss of his beauty. 3. *hue*—sing, for pl. 5. *like*—in the passing of his wrath. 5. *flood*, waters. 7. *borrow'd light*, life derived from the Creator—as the light of a planet from the sun. 8. *straight*, shortly. 8. *call'd in*, recalled—a picture of the Creditor is raised. 8. *paid*, returned. 8. *to-night*; after a little while—man's life is but a day. 9. *blows out*, ceases. 10. *entomb'd*, ended, past—the word raises a picture of a graveyard, with which autumn is compared. 10. *lies in*, is followed by. 11. *is shot*, drops.

42.

THOMAS MOORE, the Irish poet, 1779-1852.

1. *chain*, power. 2. *bound*, overcome—sleep is pictured as an airy potentate. 3. *the light*, sweet thoughts—the word suggests scenes of sunshine and accompanying gladness. 4. *around me*, to me—it places him in imagination in their midst. 9. *gone*—in death. 13. *sad*—for their loss. 17. *fall*, perish. 22. *are fled*, have sunk. 24. *but he*, but him.

43.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE, 1564-1616.

From Shakespeare's drama, *Cymbeline*, in which this song is sung at the burial of Fidele in the forest. 3. *done*, finished. 4. *home*—through the grave. 4. *thy wages*, the award to the spirit after death. 5. *golden*, noble. 8. *stroke*, oppression. 10. *the reed is as the oak*, the small and the great things of this world are alike of no importance—scenes amid marshes and forests are here by the use of these words called up before the mind. 11. *the sceptre*, those that wield the sceptre. 14. *stone, bolt*. 18. *consign to*, submit to the same terms as, do like—obsolete; death is depicted as making all men sign his bond.

44.

WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR, 1775-1864.

Rose Aylmer—a friend of the poet's; he laments her death in India in 1800. 1. *avails*—against death. 1. *sceptred*, ruling. 2. *divine*—in loveliness. 5. *whom*—obj. to both 'weep' and 'see.' 5. *these*, my. 5. *wakeful eyes*, bodily eyes—in dreams he may still see her with the eyes of the spirit. 9. *consecrate to*, pass in thoughts of.

45.

FELICIA DOROTHEA BROWNE, afterwards MRS. HEMANS, 1793-1835.

4. *for thine own*, for your coming. 5. *mortal care*, the cares of mortals—sing. for pl. 6, *hearth*—sing. for pl. 7. *voice*, sounds. 13. *yale*, breeze. 14. *to whisper where the violets lie*, blowing softly when the first violets grow. 15. *grow pale*, fade—in autumn. 18. *melis*, sounds softly. 19. *home*—sing. for pl. 22. *the*, some, an. 24. *crest*—sing. for pl.

46.

ROBERT BROWNING, 1812-1889.

From *Pippa passes*; the song of the child Pippa on a holiday-morning. 4, 5, 6. Sings. for pls. 4. *dew-pearled*, covered with pearly dew. 6. *thorn*, hawthorn.

47.

CHRISTINA GEORGINA ROSSETTI, 1830-1894.

1. *a million*, unnumbered. 1. *blow*, bloom. 2. *promise*, signs of future loveliness. 2. *a head*—sing. for pl. 3. *to*—some such word as 'fated' must be understood before 'to.' 3. *blush*, begin to blossom. 3. *on a barren bed*, in barrenness, before the time of seed, prematurely—'bed' means 'ground'; the word 'barren' is best converted into an adv., and transferred to the verb 'wither.' 4. *fruit*, seed—and, as the buds perish and leave no seeds, so the children dying early seem, at first sight, to have accomplished nothing lasting. 4. *to show*, to be seen. 5. *unfulfilled*, short-lived—their natural course is cut short. 6. *joy*, consoling thought. 7-8. beauty and innocence are not useless even when they produce no effect that we can see—for they influence the unseen soul of the beholder. 8. *all*, altogether.

48.

ALFRED TENNYSON, afterwards LORD TENNYSON, 1809-1892.

2. *tribute*, tributary—as the rivulet is tributary to the river, so is the river to the sea. 2. *wave*, waters—sing. for pl. 3. *no more*—after this brief life. 5, 9, 10, 11. Sings. for pls. 9. *sigh*, rustle. 10. *shiver*, shake in the breeze. 13, 14. *a thousand*, unnumbered.

49.

FELICIA DOROTHEA BROWNE, afterwards MRS. HEMANS, 1793-1835.

2. *red light*—of the setting sun. 4. *following*—the movements of the child. 5. *the breeze of eve*, the signs of evening—of which the breeze that follows the changing temperature as the sun sets is one. 7. *be*, arrive, come. 8. *the heart*, your thoughts. 11. *haunted by*, ever thinking of. 14. *to dwell*, to come. 17-18. *that breathest*, who rest. 19. *lowly*, prostrate. 20. *burial-plain*, fatal field of battle. 22. *one holy tie*—the universal Fatherhood.

50.

BRYAN WALLER PROCTER, whose pseudonym was BARRY CORNWALL, 1790-1874.

4. *mark*, are seen in, are shown by. 5. *in the track of*, behind. 7. *orb'd souls*, starry beings. 9. *ask not*, know it to be vain to ask, can never truly know. 11. *a dream*, a lovely memory. 12. *blessing*, boon, lovely sight—they bring contentment and a sense of benediction.

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